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THE

MODERN HERO,

IN THE KINGDOM OF

CATHAI.

In the YEAR 90000.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

Mr. B. FRERE, DE CHERENSI,

Mihi ſic uſus eſt; tibi, ut opus eſt facto, face.
TERENCE.

HEREFORD:

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his former occupation; an employment which his anceſtors for five generations had purſued with credit, and for which he himſelf had received a ſuitable education, when the force of his genius rendered him the ſubſtitute of an Eſculapius. The employment alluded to, was that of a Cobler; and notwithſtanding a conſiderable part of his time was taken up in the neceſſary buſineſs of his trade, he nevertheleſs appropriated the remainder to the improvement of his medicinal knowledge. E. G. His obſervation having diſcovered the ſtimulative quality of wine; he thence inferred, that the acid part gave a degree of

energy

energy to the ſoul, and ſtrengthened the fibres of the brain; at the ſame time it redoubled the vigour of the body. His uſual place of reſort was ſituated at a little diſtance from the town, and he made this choice, not without two reaſons. In the firſt place, the dear partner of his heart, could not, by her preſence or complaints, diſturb the ſerenity of his diſpoſition, and conſequently retard the due operation of the medicine. In the ſecond, his walk thither furniſhed him with an opportunity of purſuing his favorite employment, the collecting of ſimples. He conſtantly returned home loaded with herbs; and ſo peculiarly happy was

he in the diſtribution of them, that though the number of his patients decreaſed every day, yet his pocket-book was filled with the account of a great variety of cures.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Important news. — Grand enterpriſe begun.—Mournful reverſe of Fortune.

IT ſeems neceſſary here to obſerve that, our adventurer never entered upon his day's employment, till he had firſt ſatisfied his curioſity by a peruſal of the public papers. On a certain day, he chanced to caſt his eye upon a paſſage of ſuch conſequence, in the Gazette of Wowali*, that the impartial paper fell from his hand. Seated in a large antique chair, legs and arms croſſed, eyes

* One as little given to falſehood as any in the kingdom of Cathai.

rivetted to the ground, firm as a rock, and totally abſorbed in thought, Harlequin was ſcarcely ſenſible of his exiſtence. In ſhort, no conſideration, however powerful, could draw aſide his attention from the object which had taken poſſeſſion of it. Part of the morning paſſed in theſe profound meditations, when having made his determination, he dreſſed himſelf, boiled ſome herbs, extracted the juice in a vaſe, and began writing. This finiſhed, he took his paper and his medicine, quietly opened the door, crept out, and made the beſt of his way to the King's palace. He had already prepared himſelf to enter the firſt cham-

chamber, when he was perceived by the centinel, who ſuppoſing the dreſs to beſpeak the man, in a rough tone demanded whither he was going. He who comes to cure the Queen's lap-dog (replies Harlequin) has, I ſhould imagine, a right to go where he pleaſes.—What ſays this drunken fellow, replies the other.—It is the characteriſtic of impertinence (fiercely rejoins Harlequin) thus to give its qualities to others. Ah, you become inſolent! Begone, ſays the guard, ill-ſatisfied with the diſpatch of the Phyſician, at the ſame time quickening his pace with a ſtroke of his muſket, diſmiſſed him.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

We muſt creep to riſe good and bad fortune; a Fable of Eſop.—Wonderful Perſeverance.

A Reception of this nature did not prove very agreeable to our adventurer: he now began more cooly to conſider his plan. "I ſet out wrong," ſaid he, "I have read in ſome author, that to riſe at Court we muſt creep. Suppoſe, to gain admittance to the throne, we make the experiment; ſeize a favorable moment when the eyes of this ſavage centinel ſhall be turned another way, and cunningly ſlip between his

his legs." An opportunity ſoon offered: the guard turned his back and extended his legs, when the crafty Cobler advanced creeping, ſucceſsfully paſſed the ſtraits, and by theſe means gained the next chamber. "Obſerve the advantage of ſtudy," cries Harlequin raiſing himſelf with a triumphant air, "long live the learned!" No ſooner had he finiſhed theſe words, than he prepared to make further progreſs by the ſame manœuvre; but here he was unfortunate, for the ſecond centinel perceived the ſtratagem, and preſſed poor Harlequin with ſuch violence between his legs, that he thought himſelf nearly ſuf-

ſuffocated, and at the ſame time added to the obligation by ſeveral blows with his fuſee, which would have occaſioned any other to relinquiſh the ſcheme. Harlequin himſelf felt his courage fail; but recalling all his fortitude, "I merit" ſays he, "the treatment that has happened to me. Have I not ſomewhere read that an aſs loaded with ſalt, upon plunging into a river, found himſelf eaſed of his burthen; but another time, loaded with ſponge and wiſhing to avail himſelf of the ſame expedient, he loſt his life in the attempt." Ah, what then, Harlequin, with all your toil you are ſtill but an aſs!—Heavens!

for

for what purpoſe have you read, if all your reading cannot teach you to provide for your preſent and future neceſſities? Rouſe yourſelf, my friend; diſplay all the treaſures of your imagination; and in a ſhort time rewards the moſt brilliant will lay ſmooth the humps raiſed by the blows theſe ſcoundrels have given thee.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Opportunity taken by the fore-lock.

HAVING ended this beautiful ſoliloquy, Harlequin's further conſideration of his plan was interrupted by a noiſe which encreaſed every moment, he perceived a nobleman magnificently dreſſed, followed by a great croud, enter the ſalloon where he was, and heard a voice in an authoritative tone demand room for my Lord Prince of *Barbaro Sena y Campo.* Ah, ſays Harlequin, fortune now offers an opportunity which we muſt by no means loſe; let us join his retinue, and

and pafs with it. In fact, he managed ſo well, that the centinel could not recognize him; ſo that two chambers only remained to impede his arrival at the foot of the throne.

CHAP. V.

Admirable thought. — The Rubicon croſſed. — Caſar could not have ſucceeded better.

HARLEQUIN having now retired into a corner of the ſaloon, gave himſelf no ſmall credit for the ſucceſs of his ſtratagems, and endeavoured to invent new ſchemes which might conduce to his purpoſe, concluding his fortune made, if he could once gain an opportunity of ſpeaking to the Queen. A crowd of ideas every moment diſplaced one another in his mind, when the honors paid to the Prince

of

of Barbaro Sena, y Campo attracted his notice. "Observe" says he to himself, "how a high sounding name attended by a numerous train overawes these stupid centinels. If the door should be found too narrow for his passage, sooner than to retard his entrance they would overturn a part of the wall; whilst I, poor devil, cannot gain admission to my King but at the risk of broken ribs, or perhaps something still more deplorable. God knows however, whether or no the presence of my Lord Barbaro will give so much satisfaction to the Royal family, as the infallible receipt which I bear for the ready cure of

the Queen's Lap-dog; but thus it is in this accurſed age of iron.—A thought ſtrikes me. Suppoſe we imitate the Prince of Barbaro Sena y Campo; with a haughty ſour countenance pronounce a ſounding and reſpectable name; advancing at the ſame time with a reſolute and determined gait—act but thus, and reſpect will render the guards motionleſs in your preſence. — Come, let us make the trial—ſoftly! the the road is ſomewhat ſlippery. If they ſhould recollect me, more ſerious chaſtiſement than blows from a muſket may fall to my lot — the buſineſs is confoundedly ticklish.— Ah! are you afraid? Where is your

your courage? What, does ſo weak a barrier ſtop your progreſs? You are not worthy to make your fortune; art thou ſo ignorant as not to know, that impudence is a becoming quality at Court? — So many conſiderations prevail; — I am reſolved — happen what may — let us try the experiment." Upon this, Harlequin ſteps forward from the corner where he was hidden, advances with large ſtrides in the chamber, approaches the centinel, and with a fierce air exclaims: "*Room, room for Prince Harlequin Polichinello y Scaramoucho.*" The guard ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at ſo pompous a title, expands his

large eyes, retreated two ſteps, trembling preſents his arms, and ſuffers the newly ſelf-created Nobleman to paſs without interruption.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

We muſt ſtrike the iron when hot. Sudden terror.

HARLEQUIN without heſitation croſſed the laſt Chamber, and ſaid to the Maſter of Ceremonies: "Sir, do me the kindneſs to acquaint their Majeſties, that a celebrated phyſician juſt arrived from the Antipodes, for the ſole purpoſe of curing the Queen's lap-dog, entreats the favor of a moment's audience." The officer examined the new Eſculapius with ſcrutinizing eyes, and dryly anſwered: "wait, and you ſhall be informed whether you may have admiſſion

miſſion or not." An inſtant afterwards he returned, and with more politeneſs ſaid: "Sir, be ſo obliging as to take the trouble of following me; I have received orders to introduce you." Harlequin obeyed; but with ſo feeble a ſtep, ſo pale a countenance, that he might well have been miſtaken for a culprit on his way to receive ſentence. Fear for a moment diſpelled all his projects of fortune; and he who with ſo much anxiety a little time before had ſought this interview, and had obtained it but at the riſk of broken ribs, would now with all his heart give the contents of his ſtall and his wife to be excuſed that honor.—

The

The ſcene he was immediately to be a witneſs to, was not however well calculated to remove his apprehenſions.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A ſplendid ſight. — An Academic harangue.

THE door of the ſaloon opens ſlowly; the Maſter of Ceremonies ſteps aſide; Harlequin advances.—In a large and ſuperb hall their Cathaſian Majeſties were ſeated upon a throne glittering with precious ſtones, ſhaded by a ſplendid canopy, and on each ſide the chief Noblemen of the State were ranged in a ſemicircle.—A moſt profound ſilence prevailed. Every eye ſcrutinized the unknown Phyſician, who alarmed at a ſight ſo novel to him, was at a loſs to what divinity he ſhould offer

offer up his vows. He paid his reſpects in a manner which ſufficiently betrayed his diſtreſs; but which the far greater part of the nobility miſtook for a ceremony uſed among the Antipodes upon ſimilar occaſions. He wiſhed to ſpeak — his voice died away upon his lips, and he remained ſilent with his mouth open. At length the Queen whoſe delicate feelings were ſenſibly hurt, by obſerving the gradual decay of her faithful lap-dog, with a voice full of ſweetneſs broke ſilence, and thus addreſſed the phyſical cobler: "Learned ſtranger, if your profound art has imparted to you any ſecret that can give eaſe to my mind,

by

by affecting the cure of my charming little dog, delay not to put it in practice; and be assured the reward that awaits you, shall surpass your most sanguine expectations." These sweet words recalled the lost courage of Harlequin; he examined with a more resolute eye the magnificent spectacle before him, paid his respects in a less awkward manner, coughed with judgment, and in a manly tone addressed her Majesty in the following pompous oration.

"GREAT, ILLUSTRIOUS, POWERFUL, AND AUGUST QUEEN,

"The public papers sensibly affected with the most profound grief, have held out to all your Majesty's faithful

faithful ſubjects, the dreadful and alarming news of the mournful and dangerous malady which has had the aſſurance to aſſault the precious life of your amiable little LAP-DOG. Judge, Madam, of our ſorrow and deſpair, ſhould the inexorable fates, without regard to our lamentations and prayers, plunge him for ever into the gloomy regions of the grave? Perhaps, alas! his death would be followed by a misfortune ſtill more deplorable. Perhaps, the too tender heart of your Majeſty might not have ſtrength to ſurvive ſo fatal a cataſtrophe, which would for ever deprive you of the innocent careſſes of an animal ſo beloved.—

Perhaps pitileſs Death, not ſatisfied with a ſingle victim, would, by an attack upon a life yet dearer, involve this ſtate in the depth of ſorrow. Ah! without doubt your Royal Spouſe could not ſurvive this double calamity, and we ſhould ſee—but, great Queen, let us diſpel this melancholy proſpect: a day more ſerene ſhall open itſelf to our view; joy ſhall ſpring again in every heart—and this happy revolution, it is *I* who boaſt ability to bring about. Yes, Madam, ſuffer not yourſelf to entertain a doubt. Your Majeſty's Lap-dog ſhall ſtill behold the light of Heaven; he ſhall yet leap with delight at the ſweet muſic of your voice;

voice; your careſſing hand ſhall again encourage his joyful gambols —Nor is this all: I promiſe myſelf by the power of my art, to ſecure for him a long life unclouded by a ſingle misfortune, and I aſk but a quarter of an hour of your Majeſty, to give proof of what I have had the honour to advance.

And you, amiable people, ſo beloved by your maſters, and ſo deſerving of that diſtinction, in the tranſports of your joy, let bonfires blaze, bells ring, flowers ſtrew your pavements, the richeſt tapeſtry decorate your ſtreets; let your Painters, Poets, Muſicians, in fine the whole aſſemblage of your artiſts vie with each other in celebrat-

ing this glorious event; whilſt ſhores the moſt diſtant re-echoing to the ſound of that rival of thunder, your dread artillery, announce to the aſtoniſhed univerſe, that your auguſt Majeſty's little dog is at length cured.

For my part, the only recompence I require for my labours and ſucceſs, is the ſatisfaction to partake of the general joy, and in obſerving gladneſs ſhine forth on every ſide, thus to ſay: I AM THE MAN TO WHOM IT OWES ITS BIRTH."

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The ſcene changes.

SCARCELY had Harlequin concluded this learned and pompous harangue, when his ear was agreeably ſtruck with repeated burſts of applauſe from every ſide of the room. "Bring hither my Lapdog," cried the Queen, "and if the Doctor prove himſelf as remarkable for knowledge as for wit, I entertain not the ſmalleſt doubt of his immediate recovery." A maid of honour in an inſtant preſented him to the Phyſician. He was laid in a cradle ornamented with precious

ſtones, and wrapped up in coſtly garments. The poor animal raiſed his head a little, ſurveyed with a ſtupid look the illuſtrious aſſembly—and again—relapſed into his former lethargy. "O heavens! perhaps he is dead," exclaimed the Queen. "No, Madam," replied Harlequin with a confident air, "but my arrival was indeed become highly neceſſary." Upon this he took from his pocket a little box, and conveyed down the animal's throat a certain drug, the effect of which was (he maintained) infallible — but, alas! the patient appeared no longer to breath. Conſternation ſeemed evident upon every face. Already

more

more than one ill-natured courtier had made very free with the perſon and ſkill of the doctor, who more dead than alive was at a loſs to what cauſe he ſhould attribute the failure of his medicine; when unheard of miracle! On a ſudden the little dog awakes, recovers by degrees, opens his eyes, ſtretches his limbs, gapes, erects his ears, wags his tail, ſets himſelf upon his legs, leaps from the cradle, and in full ſpirits runs to careſs his auguſt Miſtreſs. At this ſight, the Queen tranſported with joy darts from the throne, and in the midſt of applauſe runs to embrace the fortunate doctor, at the ſame time exclaiming:

" I am indebted to you for more than my life; nor ſhall my gratitude know any bounds; and to prove what I ſay, I create you *Generaliſſimo* of all my forces.—Go, *learned* man, fight againſt the enemies of this country, and make them pay full dear for the advantages they have hitherto acquired." " Madam, (gravely obſerved the King, who had not before opened his lips) of what are you thinking? To give a man the command of armies, becauſe he has cured your lap-dog! —this is, methinks, trifling with our monarchy and the glory of our arms."—" What do you mean by trifling? I maintain, I myſylf, that it

it is a matter of greater difficulty to cure a *dog* than to gain a *battle*; and thus abſolutely I inſiſt——" Well, well, (interrupted the Cathaiſian Monarch yawning) we will have no buſtle concerning the buſineſs, — beſides, when I recollect the ſtrange manner in which he was recovered, I know not but you may be in the right,—be it ſo then, I declare him Generaliſſimo, let what may follow. But (continued he yawning ſtill more) let us begone; I feel myſelf wearied." At theſe words, the aſſembly broke up and Harlequin was conducted to a magnificent palace, ſurrounded by a tribe of flatterers, who never ceaſed complimenting him upon his preferment.

CHAP. IX.

A ſort of ſecond volume.

A New train of events will now preſent itſelf to the notice of my readers. No longer is our adventurer a poor cobler expoſed to the contempt, injuſtice and brutal behaviour of a ſet of ſordid fellows, who oblige the indigent to ſhare the diſgrace and infamy which they are ſubject to. He is become the General in Chief of a powerful empire; a man in ſhort deſigned to ſupport the honor of the State, to enlarge the boundaries of the

the kingdom, at the ſame time that he aſſures to the citizens the poſſeſſion of their ſubſtance, liberty and lives. What a noble part! but how difficult to ſupport! how many philoſophers would a ſimilar change of fortune deprive of their wits! nor were Harlequin's intellects ſtrong enough to withſtand the illuſion. Adieu then to philoſophy, phyſic, tavern, wife, houſehold, acquaintance, clubs, relations, friends! Adieu, ye are no longer remembered! Stupifyed by the inſipid flattery of courtiers; puffed up by the pompous yet hacknied verſes of poets; ſeduced by the voluptuous charms of the fair; intoxicated with

the

the deadly vapours of ambition; how could he find time to waſte a thought upon you?

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Cuſtom is ſecond nature.

THUS paſſed a week in a ſort of enchantment not eaſy to deſcribe: a new world as it were opened to the view of the Cathaiſian General. Led about from ſhew to ſhew, from one amuſement to another; arrived at the higheſt pinacle of honors; in the boſom of glory; immerſed in luxury, effeminacy, ſenſuality and good living, he ſcarcely knew where he was or what he did.—He ſeemed not unlike thoſe illuſtrious Knights Errant of old, who were confined in magic caſtles by Enchanters, thoſe

bitter enemies of their fame, till ſome kind Fairy by breaking the ſpell, reſtored to theſe righters of wrongs their liberty, ſtrength and courage. Harlequin's reaſon proved his fairy. He ſtoically took a view of his change of fortune, contemplated the grandees, ſtudied their manners, and in a few days became ſo exact an imitator of them, as to induce one to ſuppoſe, that birth rather than merit had raiſed him to the high office he enjoyed.

If a candidate for preferment recapitulated to him his ſervices and his neceſſities, intreated his intereſt to procure for him ſome gratuity, a poſt or a penſion—Harlequin kind-

ly

ly liſtened to his ſtory, lamented his misfortunes promiſed his patronage, waited upon him to the door — and concluded the farce by forgetting him.

If a Nobleman of the oppoſition party propoſed to him to form a coalition for the purpoſe of ruining the Miniſter in the King's opinion.—

If, on the other hand, the Miniſter made an offer to the General of joining intereſts and thus rendering themſelves ſole diſpoſers of the loaves and fiſhes.

Harlequin alternately attended to each; ſeemed to adopt their oppoſite views with eagerneſs; exchanged offers of friendſhip; declared himſelf

ready to make their intereſt his object; cordially took leave of them—and labored to ſerve none but himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A ſelf-intereſted viſit.—A modern Mecenas.

ONE morning when Harlequin was preparing to attend the King's levee, a little ſmiling figure dreſſed with the utmoſt nicety, entered the room on tip-toe. He had the rare talent to adorn nonſenſe by a graceful delivery; every word ſparkled with wit; his liberal hand ſowed indiſcriminately hiſtorical facts with the flowers of mythology; and above all he conſtantly appeared highly delighted with himſelf. Having firſt made ſeveral elegant bows

in an affected manner, he thus addreſſed the General:

"My Lord, I had ſolemnly vowed never more to dedicate my muſe to ſing the Heroes of Cathai: I ſhould have defied even Alcibiades to oblige me to reſume the lyre. But, my Lord, merit ſo evident as your's ought to make an exception to the rule, and your Excellency like the Hercules of the fable, has driven me (a ſecond Cacus) from my old entrenchments."

At the concluſion of this elegant ſpeech, of which Harlequin ſcarcely underſtood a word, he ſhewed him at the ſame time (playing with his frill) a fragment of poetry of which Harle-

Harlequin underſtood not a ſyllable; however the verſes appeared ſo beautiful to the General, that he rewarded the ſurpriſing author with a handſome gratification, and introduced him to a ſeat in a literary ſociety, of whoſe members the ſuperiority of genius poſſeſſed by a *few*, ſeemed to apologize for the mediocrity of the *remainder*.

All the public papers of the nation vied with each other in praiſing this uncommon munificence; and there was not a paltry writer, who in expectation of experiencing the ſame good fortune, did not either in ode, epiſtle, ſonnet, or madrigal, compare him to a Pericles, a Mæcenas,

or

or a Melfor *. Whilſt an honeſt but unknown citizen, whoſe views were occupied by patriotic and uſeful ſchemes, and who had compoſed a machine for the purpoſe of aſſiſting the huſbandman in the laborious taſk of ploughing his ground, far from finding himſelf in a ſitua-

* Melfor will not be like Mæcenas, the flatterer or friend of a tyrant; or like Pericles, a tyrant himſelf; Regent of the kingdom for his nephew yet a child; he will be feared, envied, but reſpected by the nobility, and adored by the people. He will be flattered, ſince flattery is an evil wedded to power; but as he will prevent the wants of men of abilities, the praiſe beſtowed by them will rather be the expreſſion of gratitude than the voice of beggary.

tion

tion of preſenting his machine to the modern Mæcenas, and of receiving the reward he had a title to, found himſelf ſtopped in the firſt anti-chamber, and his dreſs expoſed to the jeſts of the livery, till at laſt exaſperated by ſuch behaviour, he left the palace of this man of a day, and took a different road to ſeek an affable, enlightened, beneficent, popular Nobleman, and above all a friend to mankind.

CHAP

CHAP. XII.

Nearly all for vanity; the remainder for virtue.

THE day following a very curious Original was introduced into the Cathaiſian General's apartment. This perſon was a Genealogiſt. His figure as well as dreſs merit our attention. Upon two beams reſted a formleſs lump, which however bore ſome reſemblance to the body of a man: the whole was crowned with a large ball, upon which one might with difficulty diſtinguiſh a front, noſe, eyes, mouth and chin. The dreſs was truly characteriſtic of the profeſſion

feſſion of the man: his ſhoes were white, his ſtockings of different colours, one red, the other green; his breeches blue, and waiſtcoat yellow; alluding by this variety of colours to the fields of or, argent, azure, gules and ſable, the ground work of arms. But the coat above all claims a particular deſcription: the ground was white: a thouſand ſtripes of different colours, of unequal breadth and length, whimſically interwoven, ran over the whole of it, and repreſented the chief genealogical trees of the nobility of the kingdom. As for the wig, it was a maſter-piece of induſtry—from a large tuft of hair which formed a toupee, ſprung

ſome

ſome curls of unequal ſize, which gave birth to other curls; the latter heireſſes of their mother's fecundity, covered with their numerous progeny the broad ſhoulders of the Genealogiſt. This myſterious wig repreſented with the moſt ſcrupulous nicety the root from which ſprung the Royal family, together with its collateral branches—Could a man extend further reſpect for his King, or love for his profeſſion?

Harlequin having with ſurpriſe examined this extraordinary perſonage, politely deſired to know the reaſon of his viſit. "My Lord," replied the Genealogiſt, "I have the honor to be perfectly acquainted with your illuſtrious

illuſtrious family." At theſe words Harlequin reddened, and the other went on. "Having been informed that one of your Lordſhip's palaces has been deſtroyed by fire—what! interrupted the General, has fire deſtroyed my——ah! you call to remembrance my poor wife—but proceed. Since, my Lord, the fire has not ſpared your parchments—of what parchments are you ſpeaking? (inconſiderately exclaimed the quondam cobler) ſay rather my *leathers* — leathers! — doubtleſs your Lordſhip's illuſtrious anceſtors to prevent the ravages of time from obliterating the grand titles of their Nobility, have thought

neceſſary to have them engraved upon *leather*. In this inſtance, my Lord, your Lordſhip's loſs would be irreparable, if my ability and information in heraldry did not ſuggeſt to me a very eaſy remedy. Yes, My Lord, in a ſhort time ſhall you ſee the genealogical tree of your noble family re-eſtabliſhed upon its ancient baſis, and what is more, my Lord, your auguſt forefathers thought only of tracing their origin from King Juba; but I maintain myſelf to be in condition to prove, that they deſcend in a direct line from a ſon of the Queen of *Saba* by King Solomon." Although this ſpeech produced an affected ſmile upon

upon Harlequin's countenance, yet vanity induced him to close with the propofals of the Genealogiſt. He made him a preſent of a conſiderable ſum of money; by the aſſiſtance of which, this gentleman felt himſelf able to put a cobler upon a level with the firſt of the nobility. With this agreeable promiſe he departed not a little pleaſed with his ſucceſs, and Harlequin affected by the recollection of his faithful ſpouſe, ſent her by an unknown hand ſome pieces of gold, at the ſame time deſiring her not to give herſelf the leaſt uneaſineſs reſpecting her huſband's fortune. The good Lady at ſight of the money dryed her tears, and

with a ſigh ſaid to the meſſenger: *Ah! Sir, may the gracious God take him under his holy protection.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A bold beginning.—Courage often occaſioned by ignorance.

IN the courſe of a few days, Harlequin ſet out to take upon him the command of the Grand Army of Cathai. He was attended by a numerous retinue; but notwithſtanding they amuſed him during the whole of the journey with the moſt plauſible ſchemes of glory, he nevertheleſs in his heart invariably prefered the command of armies in time of peace, to the honor of gathering the uncertain laurels of war, at the hazard of his life and limbs.

But already well acquainted with the art of diſſembling, he put on a ſolemn reſolute and bold appearance, judicioufly made uſe of ſome military terms, quoted ſome hiſtorical paſſages, ſubmitted to their attention ſome projects which he had not the moſt diſtant idea of putting in execution, and thus paſſed in the judgment of his hearers for an all-accomplifhed officer, equally ſkilful in ſieges, battles, victories and retreats. He entered the camp amidſt the general acclamations of the ſoldiery and redoubled diſcharges of artillery. The City of Capra was already beſieged, and he immediately viſited the trenches.

trenches. Poor Harlequin, unacquainted with the danger, cooly approached the foſſes of the city. The attending officers unhappily leſs ignorant, than their Chief, were not ſo much at their eaſe. At laſt, one of theſe gentlemen took the liberty of repreſenting to the unexperienced General, that in ſuch a ſituation his Lordſhip was expoſed to certain danger. He was yet ſpeaking—when a cannon ball cut ſhort his ſpeech and a leg at the ſame inſtant. At this ſight, Harlequin endeavoured to conceal his fears; and under pretence of attending to the ſafety of the wounded and of thoſe who accompanied him, left with

pre-

precipitation this dreadful place, fully determined never thus to expoſe himſelf again, unleſs, having previouſly received the moſt certain information, whether or not, any danger attended his appearance.

However, this raſh exploit made the deepeſt impreſſion on the minds of the ſoldiers; they thought themſelves invincible under the command of a General, who appeared ſo prodigal of his own life. This proof of his courage even reached the ears of their Majeſties, who were graciouſly pleaſed to addreſs a letter to him, in which they recommended, and indeed commanded him, no more by thus expoſing his perſon to danger,

to

to run the hazard of bereaving the State of its firmeſt ſupport. The intrepid General felt too ſenſibly the force of ſuch reaſons as theſe, not to conform with the moſt ſcrupulous nicety to the laudable deſire of their Majeſties.

Some days ſubſequent to this heroic action, information being received that the enemy made haſty marches to relieve the beſieged city, his council prevailed upon our hero to give orders for a general aſſault to take place the following day.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Reputation is ſometimes purchaſed at a cheap rate.

IF Harlequin's ſkill in phyſic had raiſed him to the poſt of Generaliſſimo, the intrepid bravery of his ſoldiers impoſed him upon the nation for the Hero of Cathai. The City of Capra, which the preceding year coſt the enemy four months ſiege and ten thouſand choſen men, the Cathaiſian army took by aſſault twelve days after the opening of the trenches. During the action, Harlequin furniſhed with an excellent teleſcope, remarked from a hill the gal-

gallantry of his troops. The moment he perceived the ſucceſs of his arms, he hurried down the hill, and made the utmoſt expedition to ſtop the violence of the ſoldiery, and preſerve the wretched inhabitants from the horrors that uſually await a city taken by ſtorm. He gave an example of moderation hitherto unheard of: he had the greatneſs of ſoul to refuſe a conſiderable ſum of money, of which the citizens privately made an offer to him, as an acknowledgment of their gratitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Weighty cauſes of a bloody war.

IN the midſt of the general joy occaſioned by this happy event, whilſt flattery laviſhed the moſt abſurd praiſes upon the conqueror: this very man, dignified as he was with the lofty titles of invincible and bulwark of the State, narrowly eſcaped looſing by want of care a deciſive battle, which would have annihilated the kingdom and dethroned its gracious monarch. But previous to our entering into a detail of this remarkable exploit, we ſhall for the information of our readers,

readers, impartially diſcloſe the cauſes of this bitter war, which had already deſtroyed the commerce of two nations, loaded the citizen with taxes, and either killed or maimed near two hundred thouſand men—

Happily indeed, of this number, a hundred and ninety thouſand were *only common ſoldiers*—I begin.

On the eve of the King of Congo's birth-day, it was agreed in order to avoid every diſpute concerning precedence, that the Ambaſſadors of Cathai and Bambou, ſhould come at the ſame time to pay their reſpects to his Majeſty, and that, for this purpoſe, they ſhould make their entrance into his Majeſty's chamber

from two oppoſite doors. The Grand Maſter of Ceremonies was deſired to take care that in the act of approaching the throne neither of the Ambaſſadors ſhould precede the other. The day following, the King of Congo ſeated under a magnificent canopy, with a becoming gravity waited the arrival of the Ambaſſadors; they ſoon made their appearance. Immediately the Maſter of Ceremonies having firſt opened the doors at the ſame time, and convinced himſelf by the ſtricteſt attention, that their Excellencies feet had not paſſed the threſhold of the above-mentioned doors gave the ſignal agreed upon—and the Ambaſſadors

baſſadors approached the throne.—But alas! by overlooking a ſingle circumſtance, ſo many wiſe precautions were rendered abortive, and one of the moſt bloody tragedies that had ever deſolated the two nations enſued. It was not recollected that the Ambaſſador of Cathai was leſs corpulent than his Excellency of Bambou, his natural gait therefore muſt occaſion him to have the advantage by ſome ſteps, which unhappily proved the caſe. He was already half way to the throne, and his rival diſtant nearly two thirds. The Grand Maſter of Ceremonies obſerving this in-equality ſtept forward to ſet matters right; but

was anticipated by the ſtrict diligence of the Bambouan, who with a loud voice and flaming eye exclaimed: *Stop, daring mortal!* The Cathaiſian Ambaſſador turned his head, caſt an angry look at his opponent—and ſtill purſued his way towards the throne.

This additional inſult entirely over-powered the Bambouan's patience: he had the audacity without reſpect for a crowned head, to inſult the King of Cathai and his repreſentative. The Cathaiſian being of a no leſs iraſcible diſpoſition, ſmartly replied and paid as little reſpect to the King of Bambou. To no purpoſe was every method tried

to

to calm their enraged minds; they flew like furies from the Royal palace, ſwearing that their auguſt maſters with ſeas of blood ſhould waſh away the affront dared to be offered to them, in the perſons of their repreſentatives.

CHAP. XVI.

Ye King's lay aſide vengance; it may prove your ruin.

SUCH was the cauſe or pretext of a war which had continued upwards of four years. Marcabo, King of Bambou, a warlike Prince, having taken upon himſelf the command of his troops, had invariably routed the Cathaiſians. He concluded the former campaign, by a ſucceſsful engagement and by taking the town of Capra which was looked upon as the bulwark of Cathai. The Bambouan Prince proud of theſe advantages, would liſten to no terms

of

of accommodation: he was impatiently waiting for the ſpring, in order to penetrate into the heart of the kingdom, and deſtroy every thing with fire and ſword; when Harlequin in the month of March inconſiderately laid ſiege to the city of Capra. This action highly diſapproved of by men ſkillful in the art of war, nevertheleſs (as we have related) ſuceeded beyond all expectation. The King of Bambou delighted to obſerve his enemies thus court deſtruction, ſuffered them without interruption to open the trenches, and was upon his march to relieve the beſieged city, when he received information that it was

taken

taken. This intelligence, though it ſtruck Marcabo with aſtoniſhment, ſerved only to encreaſe his courage. Anger made him determine to ſeek immediate revenge; and three days afterwards he came in ſight of the enemy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

A nocturnal engagement.—A dreadful fight.

UPON receiving information of the King of Bambou's arrival, our hero anxious to provide for his ſafety as man and his character as General, gave orders for a Council of war, to conſider what was beſt to be done in the preſent poſture of affairs. All the ſuperior officers attended: and as it is uſual, much argument and no determination kept the Aſſembly ſitting till midnight, when the cry of death, the accent of grief and rage, the noiſe of guns, the

the clang of arms encreaſed an hundredfold by the horrors of the night, interrupted in their weighty conſultations the Members of the Council. That inſtant, a man with horror in his looks, ſtained with blood, entered the tent and in a lamentable tone exclaimed. "My Lord, Gentlemen, be quick, ſave yourſelves, unleſs you wiſh to be cut in pieces by the cruel Bambouians." Theſe words were no ſooner heard than pride gave place to fear. Country, rank, character honor —all fell to the ground. Each to the beſt of his power provided for his own ſafety, and experienced additional fear from the fear of others.

In

In ſhort, in the centre of the camp the rout became univerſal. The intrepid Marcabo at the head of his ſoldiers cooly enjoined carnage, death and fire, at the time that the gallant Harlequin after having made the beſt of his way for half a league, like a modern Marius, ſheltered himſelf among reeds in the midſt of a moraſs.—Thus it was all over with the State. The Cathaiſian Monarch would have dearly purchaſed his compliance to the wiſhes of his Royal conſort, had not an overſight of the King of Bambou, added to the preſence of mind of an old ſubaltern officer, and the courage of the ſoldiers, regained the victory,

victory, preſerved the State, compelled the enemy to a ſhameful peace, and raiſed Harlequin to the ſummit of glory.

The King of Bambou, blinded by his courage, and forgetting that no part of the enemy's left wing had felt the fury of his attack, gave himſelf up entirely to the purſuit of the fugitives. This wing conſiſted of a party of veterans. Theſe brave ſoldiers enraged to ſee the fate of the kingdom confided to ſuch bad hands, and deſtruction brought upon the nation by the neglect of their General, ran in haſte to arms, fully reſolved, rather to periſh with their country than ſurvive its diſgrace; when

when an old ſubaltern officer reſpected by his companions, for a moment reſtrained their courage, aſſembled them around him, and thus addreſſed them: "Fellow ſoldiers, you know me, and well do I know you. I have been in the ſervice of my country theſe forty years; and behold my proofs (added he, expoſing to view the ſcars upon his breaſt and pointing to his grey hairs) judge now whether or not I am worthy to adviſe you."

Every one applauded theſe martial words, and Geſki (for ſuch was the name of this reſpectable ſoldier) thus went on: "The enemy proud of ſucceſs, and thinking themſelves

certain of victory, like baſe Tartars, diſperſe themſelves here and there in ſearch of plunder, or waſte time in the purſuit of ſoldiers, cowards enough to fly. My friends, let us avenge their diſgrace and that of the State. A Piſtol in one hand and ſword in the other, let us all in a body fall upon theſe ſtragglers. Our officers have deſerted us—be it ſo. The glory will be ours alone. In a word, let us preſerve our country, whether hereafter ſhe prove grateful or no; but time urges, let us ſtrike." He marched followed by all the ſoldiers. They proceeded amidſt heaps of aſhes, overturned tents, disfigured dead

dead bodies and bloody arms: horror and death every where accompanied them: nothing could withſtand their efforts. This band every moment encreaſed by the fugitives who reſorted to them in crowds, drove away, overturned, diſperſed the enemy, aſtoniſhed at ſo unforeſeen an attack. Fortune changes; the vanquiſhed become the conquerors. Geſki and his party revenge by rivers of blood the blood already ſpilt; but this veteran in the heat of action preſerved the coolneſs of intrepidity; he encouraged by his voice and example the leaſt valiant, checked the impetuoſity of the moſt brave, and par-

 ticularly

ticularly took care to prevent them, in the intoxication of ſucceſs, from breaking their ranks in purſuit of the fugitives. Such wiſe precautions did not prove uſeleſs. The King of Bambou was returning in triumph followed by a large body of his army, and a number of priſoners of the firſt quality, when, how great was his aſtoniſhment to behold a new Cathaiſian army in the act of purſuing his diſmayed ſoldiers! "Stop, cowards," exclaimed Marcabo, "ſtop, or at leaſt learn, from your King how to die." In ſaying theſe words, the gallant Monarch at the head of his troops ruſhed into the thickeſt part of the battle.

battle. The firm and cool courage of Geſki and his party was barely ſufficient to ſuſtain ſo fierce a ſhock. "My friends," cried the intrepid Veteran, "congratulate yourſelves: you now find an enemy worthy of your courage—advance." Now in reality the battle began. The two armies met, engaged, and were blended together—at that inſtant firing ceaſed and ſwords glittered, blood flowed, death ſtalked around, rage heartened the warriors, courage directed them. Here by force, there by ſcience in crowds victims fell. They ſaw, they ſlew but by the light of tents in flames—immovable in their ranks, ſtern in their looks

they received the mortal blow with the ſame intrepidity they gave it. But ſoon the reſiſtance experienced, the wounds received, increaſe the fury of the combatants. No longer are they influenced by love for their country or their honor: rage alone ſwells their breaſts; rage alone directs their hands; with rage death is given; and in rage the ſoldier dies. Day at length breaks forth upon theſe horrors, before victory was decided; before blood ceaſed flowing; and before they were weary of ſhedding it. But at laſt the fate of Cathai and the fortune of Harlequin prevailed. A Cathaifian

ſian grenadier, named Morand, obſerving the King of Bambou, attended by the moſt faithful of his guards, hurl at his feet a croud of victims, ſprung forward, overturned every thing that oppoſed his way, reached the Monarch, raiſed his arm, with a dreadful blow ſtruck off his head, ſeized it by the hair, and holding it aloft, exclaimed ſeveral times, *the King is dead.* "Courage fellow ſoldiers, (cried the intrepid Geſki, not allowing the enemy time to recover from their ſurprize) courage; the victory is ours; advance; ſtrike home; the enemy can no longer withſtand our efforts." Theſe words redoubled the ardour

of

of the Cathaiſians: they ruſhed with fury upon the aſtoniſhed Bambouians. The latter having loſt their brave commander, were ſoon put into confuſion: they threw down their arms, ſhamefully betook themſelves to flight, and yielded to the Cathaiſians a compleat victory. To no purpoſe did they endeavour to regain their camp: cloſely purſued by the Cathaiſians, they were without pity put to the ſword.

Geſki, after this remarkable victory, reſumed his former poſt, and ſilently waited in expectation, that the Monarch who was indebted to him for his crown, that the State which he had preſerved, ſhould

ſhew

ſhew a greatful regard for his courage, by ſecuring to his grey hairs an honorable aſylum, which might free him from the dread of poverty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Danger for ſome, glory for others.

SCARCE had the victorious army, crowned with glory regained their camp with the ſpoil taken from the enemy, when the officers who had ſo cowardly deſerted them, arrived to rob them of the advantage and credit of the action. Theſe gentlemen having firſt congratulated each other upon their glorious ſucceſs, aſſembled all the troops within the camp, extolled their courage, condeſcendingly ſmiled at the recital of their actions, diſtributed ſome money and promiſed to promote

mote them by the firſt opportunity. Theſe brave ſoldiers, the major part of whom were ignorant of the conduct of their Chiefs, ſeduced by their bounty and delighted with their popularity, loaded them with bleſſings.—Such is thepower, ſuch the influence of birth and fortune upon uncultivated minds. The very men, who by their reſolute behaviour, force and courage ſo greatly excel their puſillanimous leaders, nevertheleſs, debaſe themſelves to ſuch a degree before them, as to eſteem themſelves happy to obtain as a recompence for their toils and loſs of blood, a ſingle look, the moſt trifling nod, an inſignificant

ſmile

ſmile from their imperious maſters.

Harlequin however all this time ſheltered by the reeds, had full leiſure to curſe his unlucky ambition, and ſincerely to regret his pothouſe, wife and ſtall. The leaſt noiſe, the ſlighteſt breath of air; a bird, a frog, every thing alarmed him; but by degrees his ſpirits were returning, when the approach of a troop of ſoldiers renewed his fears. He kept himſelf ſtill, ſcarcely breathed, opened his eyes, obſerved them as well as his uneaſy ſituation could permit, and fearfully attended to their diſcourſe. The troops proved to be a party

a party of Cathaiſians, on their return from the purſuit. Their ſhouts of victory filled the air, and they mutually enquired from each other news of their General. Harlequin ſcarcely dared to give credit to ſuch ſurpriſing good fortune, when ſome new troops filed off before him, and removed his doubts. Being now alone, he fixed his plan, raiſed himſelf, ſlid with caution between the reeds, advanced fiercely upon the plain, and drawing his formidable ſword, brandiſhed it this way and that. A new misfortune however awaited our hero. He was eſpied by a Bambouian grenadier who immediately ruſhed upon him with

his lifted ſword. The intrepid General turning round, beheld the bravado, and leſs diſtruſtful of his natural agility than his courage, betook himſelf to his heels. In his flight however, chancing to paſs near a buſh, a blow of a broad ſword from a powerful arm opened his left cheek from the eye to the chin. The unfortunate Harlequin with a lamentable cry fell half dead upon his face. The conqueror delighted with his victory, was proceeding to take the ſpoils, when the other Bambouian arrived and laid claim to his due. A ſerious diſpute was the conſequence: the former was deſirous of every thing; the latter would

would give up nothing. They began a dreadful fight; during which, the courageous Harlequin a little recovered from his fright, cunningly ſtole away, mounted a deſerted horſe, and at full ſpeed, brandiſhing his naked ſword in the air, entered the camp of the victors. The warriors till now believing him dead, welcomed him with loud ſhouts; and the large wound, added to the martial air which he knew how to put on, removed all doubts that might otherwiſe have been entertained of his courage. He attended to the penagyric and compliments of his officers and the applauſe of the ſoldiery, with that

haughty modeſty, that ſmile of ſuperiority, that ſpruce and ſelf-approving air, which ſeem to render a victorious General worthy in fact of every encomium in the power of flattery to beſtow.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Truſt afterwards to the Gazettes.

WE need not heſitate to determine, that the ſelf-intereſted flattery and plauſible falſhoods contained in the public papers, added to the intoxication and enthuſiaſm of the Cathaiſians, and particularly gave riſe to much wiſe argument among the grave politicians of the kingdom. Perhaps it will not be unacceptable, to ſee the factitious account given of the above memorable action: thus to have an opportunity of comparing the relation of the battle with the battle itſelf; and

to infer from thence, what credit may be due to the veracity, impartiality, juſtice, integrity and information of the Editors.

March 21, 90000.

" If we have ſo long delayed preſenting our readers with the particulars of the memorable action which took place under the walls of Capra, the reaſon is—that we were deſirous of procuring the beſt information, of learning with the greateſt certainty, whether or not, the account of that celebrated battle had not been in ſome reſpects exagerated in the intoxication of ſucceſs; in a word, to ſubmit nothing

to

to public attention, unleſs confirmed by ocular teſtimony of perſons well informed and worthy of credit. But at preſent, ſince the Hero of Cathai, as well as the General Officers, *have even themſelves deigned* to acquaint us with the principal circumſtances of that ever memorable event, we haſten to ſatisfy the public impatience, fully perſuaded that every good citizen will feel the moſt lively intereſt in the peruſal of a battle, which, at the ſame time that it gives ſtrength to the foundation of the State, preſerves to us a Monarch, whoſe virtues, beneficence and humanity now make him the darling of the nation, and will here-

hereafter render him the admiration of poſterity.

" His Excellency the Prince of Harlequino, Generaliſſimo of all the forces of Cathai, had taken by ſtorm the important city of Capra, when he received intelligence of the enemy's arrival. Our illuſtrious General was too well acquainted with the pride and temerity of the King of Bambou, to entertain the leaſt doubt, but that the loſs of a city of ſuch conſequence would induce this mortified Prince, to attempt ſome daring action, by way of retaliation. As his Highneſs foreſaw ſo it happened. The 13th of March, certain information was received,

received, that the King of Bambou aimed at nothing leſs than an attack upon our camp in the dead of night. The night of the 15th of the ſame month was fixed upon for the execution of this raſh project; but his Highneſs was too able a General not to render a ſcheme intended for his ruin, fatal to its author. For this purpoſe the Prince of Harlequino choſe a diſadvantageous ſituation, affected great ſecurity, perfect negligence, and cauſed only ſome ſhallow trenches to be dug, defended by weak paliſades. The day previous to the attack, his Highneſs the Prince having firſt given ſome of the ſuperior officers

to

to underſtand the information he had juſt received, ordered the fires to be put out, and the troops under arms, poſted them on each ſide the camp, leaving very few in the centre, and in this ſituation quietly waited for the enemy. At eleven o'clock in the night, his Highneſs was informed, that the whole Bambouian army was advancing on our ſide, in one column, with the moſt profound ſilence. Our able General immediately directed the advanced poſts, after having made a pretended reſiſtance, to retreat with every appearance of fear. The troops alſo in the centre of the camp received a ſimilar order. The King of Bambou

bou having only experienced a weak reſiſtance, and finding the trenches ſhallow, eaſily overcame theſe trifling obſtacles, he advanced rapidly to the inner part of the camp, routed ſome ſcattered troops, who after two or three diſcharges of their arms, had received orders to fly. His Majeſty of Bambou puffed up with this trifling ſucceſs, and already ſuppoſing himſelf maſter of the field of battle, was eagerly bent upon the purſuit of the fugitives, and ſuffered his ſoldiers to break their ranks and run on all ſides to plunder and ſet fire to the tents. His Excellency the Prince of Harlequino watchful of the enemy's moſt trifling

ing manœnvres, ſeized this favorable moment, and gave the ſignal agreed upon. Immediately, the two wings of our army fell at the ſame time upon the enemy. The King of Bambou, aſtoniſhed as he was by an attack ſo unexpected, yet delayed not to put himſelf in a poſture of defence. He was ſoon however neceſſitated to give way to the cool intrepidity of our illuſtrious General, who fought like a lion at the head of his grenadiers, and had two horſes killed under him. The Officers influenced by ſo noble an example, emboldened even the private ſoldiers. It was impoſſible for the enemy to reſiſt ſo many prodigies

digies of valour, and the rout ſoon became univerſal. The King Marcabo was ſlain in the endeavour to rally his terrified ſoldiers, who deaf to his entreaties and threats ſtrove to regain their camp; but his Highneſs, notwithſtanding he had received a very ſevere wound in his face from a broad ſword, gave them no time to recover: he followed the purſuit ſo cloſely, that he even entered the camp with them, maugre the reſiſtance of thoſe left to guard it. All who eſcaped the ſword of the conquerors were made priſoners of war. So that of ſo flouriſhing an army, conſiſting of more than ſixty thouſand men,

ſcarcely thirteen hundred ſaved themſelves by flight. Such was the event of that famous battle. Never did the Cathaiſians gain ſo complete a victory; for which the State is indebted to a General, whoſe profound knowledge in military affairs, courage, prudence and other ſhining qualities, juſtly entitle him to be conſidered the rival of Alexander, Cæſar, Bouggarou * and Mataſki †.

On

* Bouggarrou will live in the year 43014: he will be a celebrated Negro: he will deliver Africa from European brutality: he will rout the Europeans in every quarter, and make priſoners of a great number; but too noble to debaſe his ſpecies by ſelling them

On the part of the enemy above 17,000 men were ſlain, including his

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them like brutes, he will reſtore them to liberty, leaving them a free choice either to return to their native home, or to partake with his countrymen the delights of a free and upright government. Europeans! if you doubt my prophecy, ever call to remembrance that this virtuous African will be *black* and that you are *white*.

† Matafki will live in 30,000. An intrepid genius, firm, cruel, and inflexible: a man capable of forming and executing projects the moſt hazardous: he will expel the ſelfiſh Europeans from America, his country: he will by new crimes caſt a ſhade over thoſe committed by the Spaniards in that unfortunate world. His Empire will be prodigious:

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his Bambouian Majeſty, ſeventy Noblemen and 1900 Gentlemen: 26,000 were made priſoners, among whom are, two Princes of the Blood, three Generals, eight Lieutenant-Generals, 1500 ſuperior Officers, ſuch as Colonels, Brigadiers, &c. &c. The number of wounded amounts to near 25,413 men; 547 ſtandards, 809 pieces of canon, the military cheſt and treaſures of King Marcabo with that Prince's privy purſe

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digious: he will rule with an iron ſceptre: in a word, he will be as much deteſted by Europeans, as they themſelves are abhorred by the remaining three quarters of the globe.

were

were alſo captured. Never was a victory ſo complete purchaſed with ſo trivial a loſs. By the care of our Great General, as prodigal of his own as ſparing of his ſoldiers blood, we have loſt but ſome *few* thouſand men, among whom we lament the Prince of Piamou, the Duke of Marval, and the Lords Gento, Spolmer and Maukimar.

His Excellency the Prince prides himſelf much upon the valour, activity and information of the ſuperior Officers who in this dreadful battle outdid, if it were poſſible, themſelves. His Excellency is by no means forgetful of the Subaltern Officers, who ſo well ſeconded their

intrepid leaders; in a word, *even the private ſoldiers*, all joined their endeavours for the ſupport of the State and the glory of the Kingdom."

P. S. His Cathaiſian Majeſty orders, that in all cities, towns, boroughs, villages, and hamlets of his dominions, this happy event be celebrated by bonfires and other public demonſtrations of joy. His Majeſty alſo gives his conſent, that a ſubſcription be opened for the purpoſe of erecting a laſting monument to the Hero of Cathai, that may hand down to the lateſt poſterity the remembrance of the important ſervice the State received from this illuſtrious character."

Such

Such is, Reader, the ſubſtance of the account given of that celebrated event, by the infallible editors of the public papers.—

Intrepid Geſki, brave Morando, thus are your ſervices recorded!

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

A glorious peace.

THE States of Bambou diſmayed by the loſs of their intrepid King, and alarmed by the daily progreſs of the Cathaiſian arms, without delay ſought for peace. The indolent King of Cathai tired of a war, which unavoidably exacted from his ſlothful diſpoſition ſome laborious moments, immediately named plenipotentiaries to ſettle the conditions. Theſe gentlemen, agreeable to the ſecret orders of his Majeſty, paid ſo much attention to the buſineſs, and acted with ſuch principle, that two months

months after the battle of Capra, peace was proclaimed in both realms. The chief articles were: that the places taken during the war ſhould be mutually reſtored to their original poſſeſſors, and *above all, that* IN EVERY REGION, EVERY COUNTRY, EVERY KINGDOM WHATSOEVER, THE AMBASSADORS OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF CATHAI SHOULD HAVE UNQUESTIONABLY THE PRECEDENCE OF THE AMBASSADORS OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF BAMBOU.

Live for ever (exclaims, when relating this circumſtance, the Editor of the Gazette we have above quoted) *live for ever our glorious Monarch,*

Monarch, who values not the lives of two hundred thouſand of his ſubjects, when ſacrificed in maintaining his rights and ſupporting the dignity of his auguſt crown.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Harlequin's triumph.

A Fortnight ſubſequent to this glorious peace, the invincible Prince Harlequino ſet out for the metropolis of the Cathaiſian empire, there to enjoy the honors of a triumph to which he had ſo juſt a title. A world of people flocked from all parts to view and ſtare with admiration at this extraordinary perſonage; but the enthuſiaſm of the nation ſhewed itſelf in a much ſtronger light upon his entering the grand city of Cekaï. They firſt obliged him to leave his carriage in order

to

to aſcend a triumphal carr decorated with gems, gold, ſilver, paintings, laurels, verſe and proſe, which altogether formed a moſt pleaſing medley. A ſet of ſix horſes with ſlow ſteps drew him through the midſt of an innumerable multitude, who nearly ſtifled the hero, by the great quantity of flowers they caſt upon him from all ſides. His Highneſs the Prince was eſcorted by the Body Guards, and ſhaded by colours taken from the enemy. Theſe colours, driven about by a boiſterous wind, as if jealous and refractory ceaſed not, ſecretly provoking the triumphant Prince by troubleſome and painful blows, which,

which, without paying the ſmalleſt reſpect to his glory and dignity, they every moment diſcharged upon his auguſt countenance. The ſhouts and acclamations of the people, the muſic of a military band, the ſound of drums, the ringing of bells, the repeated diſcharges of artillery and muſquetry, formed altogether the moſt diſcordant concert, the moſt thundering noiſe that well can be imagined.

In this order and with this equipage, the victorious General in a violent heat drew near to the ſplendid throne, upon which were ſeated in rolles of ſtate, ſceptre in hand and crown on head, their au-

guſt Majeſties. Immediately the Hero of Cathai alighted from his triumphant car, with much gravity approached the foot of the throne, and bending one knee ſtammered out a few incoherent words, at the ſame time pointing to the enemy's colours, indubitable proofs of his victory. The grave Monarch ſomewhat ſmoothed his brow to favor the Hero with a dull ſmile; but his Royal Conſort of a much more lively diſpoſition aroſe, deſcended one ſtep, held out her hand to him with a matchleſs grace, and placed him upon the throne by her ſide. This circumſtance redoubled the applauſe of the ſpectators, and Harlequin belied

belied not in the leaſt, by his countenance, the unheard-of honor that was paid him. Shortly after, their Majeſties came down from the throne, and the victorious General re-aſſumed his ſeat in the triumphal car, to be conducted in the ſame order, with the ſame parade and oſtentation to his former palace, where every thing was prepared for the reception of his Highneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

From proſperty to misfortune there is often but a ſtep.

FATIGUED with his triumphal entry, and a ſumptuous entertainment, inebriated by the moſt exquiſite wines, ſatiated with viands, praiſes, honor and glory, our Hero who did not retire to his bed till after two in the morning, was at four evincing the ſoundneſs of his ſleep by the moſt loud ſnoaring, when his reſt was diſturbed by the arrival of an Officer, who came with an order from his Majeſty to conduct the General to the Monarch's cloſet. The Hero aroſe grumbling, gaping

ing dreſſed himſelf, and in a very angry mood followed the unwelcome Officer, who led him through the palace and uſhered him into the Royal preſence. His Highneſs found the Queen in tears, ſeated upon a ſopha, and the good-natured King on his knees, fondling with a heavy hand, a beautiful Perſian CAT which ſhe held in her arms. "Ah, how fgrtunate your arrival! (cried the Queen ſtarting in ſo abrupt a manner that ſhe nearly overturned her Royal Conſort) come, *great man*, come and cure my Cat as you have cured my Dog: had your arrival been delayed but ever ſo ſhort a time, there would have been

an end of her life and of my own." Harlequin unmindful of the cauſe of his preferment, offended that application ſhould be made to a victorious General, the bulwark of the realm; in ſhort, to the Hero of Cathai, ſo to debaſe himſelf as to undertake the cure of a Cat; beſides exaſperated that his repoſe had been ſo diſagreeably diſturbed, for what, in his opinion appeared of no moment, could not avoid making this reply: "Madam, your Majeſty does not conſider that by attempting the cure of a Cat, however greatly and deſervedly beloved, I ſhould degrade the exalted ſtation by which you have honored me: allow

allow then, Madam, your Majeſty's Phyſicians who have inconteſtably more experience in matters of this kind than I can pretend to, the happineſs of reſtoring to health ſo dear a creature." Poor Harlequin had ſcarcely uttered theſe indiſcreet words, when a fierce glance darted at him, ſeemed the forerunner of the thunderbolt ready to burſt upon his head. "Impudent, audacious man! is it thus you repay my kindneſs? How dare you be ungrateful? Leave my preſence this inſtant. I diſpoſeſs you of a dignity of which you are not worthy"—"Madam, (mildly replied the King) you are ſomewhat too ſevere; remember what

what he has done for this realm; and as for his unwillingneſs to cure your Cat, it ſeems to me"—I am not in want, Sir, of any repreſentation from you: moſt likely I know what I am doing. Do you not perceive the ambition of this man grown immoderate by his victories, aims at nothing leſs than an attempt to dethrone us, by taking advantage of the aſcendancy he has acquired over the minds of the people: this, you may depend upon it, is what he has in view, and for that *very* reaſon, he refuſes to cure my Cat. Shame, at your time of life to have ſo little policy and penetration!"—"My friend, (ſaid the Ca-

Cathaifian Monarch to our Hero, who during the whole of this dialogue ſtood motionleſs like a ſtatue) begone; you muſt clearly ſee *you are in the wrong*: your ingratitude and ambition merit a ſeverer puniſhment; but the Queen forgives you: you ought to return her thanks for her indulgence, begone." The conqueror of the Bambouians almoſt annihilated by ſo ſevere an injunction, ſcarcely had the ability to obey: he however, left the room; his countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of diſappointment, indignation and deſpair. An inſtant after, he was overtaken by an Officer with his Majeſty's command to take from him

him the infignia of his dignity: this man doubtleſs over-ſtraining an order ſo cruel, deprived him of his rich dreſs. During this mournful operation, Harlequin's figure appeared ſo full of ſorrow and contrition, that he muſt inevitably have drawn pity from any heart, that of a Courtier excepted. This cruel order executed, the Officer waited on the diſgraced Prince to the palace gate, and politely ſhut it againſt him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Harlequin at the foot of his ſtatue.

THIS, Reader, is the proper place to put into my Hero's mouth a hundred common-place expreſſions upon the ficklenes of fortune, and the ingratitude of Kings: I could oblige him to exhauſt all thoſe vague exclamations, thoſe tireſome moral ſentiments, which my Brother Authors in my ſituation would not fail to deliver, with all the emphaſis in their power, as regardleſs of the reader's patience, as the Officer of our Hero when ſtriping him of his rich dreſs. I could lay open his moſt

moſt inſignificant thoughts; I could delineate to you his very features; I could—but I could tire you. Beſides, a knowledge of the human mind will inform us, that a ſimilar change of fortune is more likely to expel than produce reflection. It will be ſufficient for me therefore to ſay, that the diſgraced Hero, his arms croſſed, and chin reſting upon his boſom, after wandering whither chance directed him, ſtopped at laſt in a large ſquare, where the variety, contraſt and confuſion of objects called forth his attention, and in ſhort, rouſed him from his lethargy.

Here were involved in a heap of ruins, broken pillars of a Gothic

thic Temple and decayed beams of antient houſes, promiſcuouſly mixed with mutilated ſtatues and iron wedges defaced by ruſt. Over and around which, were ſcattered in confuſion, heaps of ſtones, broken tiles, bricks ſtill covered with a dark coloured morter, together with fragments of painted glaſs, pieces of twiſted lead and bits of old iron—a true picture of gloomy Chaos.

There roſe, majeſtically towering above the ruins, a modern and elegant monument, faſhioned by the hand of taſte, adding the moſt exquiſite deſign to the richeſt execution, and ſeeming nature in its prime ſpringing out from Chaos.

Striking was the contraſt; but ſtill the effect was heightened by the night and the diſmal appearance of the ſky. The month was November. A weſt wind blew with much violence, and at intervals hid the moon with clouds, which rapidly ſucceeded each other, and which as they proved more or leſs tranſparent, one while weakened, one while entirely over-caſt its trembling light.

That part of the picture which was moſt conform to his preſent ſtate of mind immediately attracted the notice of Harlequin, and reflecting on the temple in ruins, he ſaid: "*Thus every thing has its end — and thou alſo muſt have thine,*"

thine," continued he approaching the modern edifice.

At this inſtant the light of the Moon was obſcured by clouds; and the Hero in the midſt of darkneſs, reſted mournfully upon the pedeſtal, when on a ſudden the Moon ſhone forth with unuſual luſtre, and Harlequin fixing his eyes upon the monument, by the aſſiſtance of a pompous inſcription, recognized his own ſtatue, in the habit of a Roman Emperor, crowned by victory, and holding the enemies of Cathai in chains at his feet. Over the inſcription was written in letters of gold,

VIRO IMMORTALI.

"*Immortali!* (exclaimed he) contemptible flatterer! art thou ignorant that the man whom thou calleſt immortal—that *very* man is MYSELF."

O ye *great* men of this world how *little* are ye! the overſtrained praiſes waſted upon you; the extravagant titles you arrogate to yourſelves; do but expoſe in more glaring colours your meanneſs, by marking the prodigious ſpace between *you* and *them*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Conſolor.

THE diſgraced Hero racked with the moſt afflicting thoughts, indignant turned away from this monument of falſhood, and in a penſive mood ſuffered his legs to range wherever they pleaſed. But the latter obedient to a never failing inſtinct, brought our Hero to the door of a tavern. Inſtinct no longer then ſtimulated the General's legs; but in order to diſpel the tormenting ideas which preyed upon his mind, lifted up his head and directed his eyes towards the welcome ſign. At this

ſight he ſtarted; put his hand in his pocket, and took out a ſmall piece of gold which luckily had eſcaped the fingers of the greedy Officer. No one is unacquainted with the virtues of gold: this powerful taliſman, however ſmall the quantity, had ſuch an effect upon his mind, that he was already half conſoled, when to complete his cure, inſtinct again ſet his legs in motion, nor put a ſtopt to them till they had carried our Hero to a long table covered with a cloth formerly white.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

O ye who think your ſervices merit the gratitude of your country, read this chapter and complain no longer.

HIS bottle nearly emptied, Harlequin's ſorrowful reflections were upon the eve of returning, when two men, one would imagine, ſent on purpoſe from Heaven to comfort him, entered the hall where he was, and took their places not far from him. The Cathaiſian hero having nothing better to do, paid ſtrict attention to their diſcourſe — let us attend likewiſe.

" Brave

" Brave Geſki, what could cauſe your diſmiſſion? You who have ſerved the State above forty years; you, to whom we are indebted for our reputation and ſafety; you, whoſe intrepidity alone gave us the victory at Capra:—you diſmiſſed the ſervice! — With reſpect to myſelf, my diſcharge is of no conſequence. A lucky blow indeed from my broad ſword chanced to ſlay the King of Bambou; but every ſoldier might have done as much: beſides, I am young, and not without ſome property; but you, Geſki; you diſmiſſed!—this is indeed a ſtroke I little expected: our country ſurely muſt have been very ungrateful."

—" Alas,

— " Alas, my dear Morando, that I am diſmiſſed the ſervice is certain. But think not I charge my country with ingratitude; no, my complaint is not againſt her: ignorant of what I had done for her, how could ſhe reward me? Doubt it not, Morando: ſhould ſhe yet prove a ſecond time ignorant of my ſervices, the few drops of blood that remain; the little ſtrength I am maſter of; this aged life; all, all would I devote without a moment's heſitation for her welfare. But of the want of juſtice and affected forgetfulneſs of the ſuperior Officers I have a right to complain. Not a few of them were well acquainted

quainted with my conduct in the late battle. At the first promotion I entertained hopes of advancement, or at all events expected that a retreat in a secluded province would have been secured to the remnant of my days. That promotion took place; and the very moment that the superior Officers flattered me most with the pleasing prospect of immediate preferment, I was dismissed the service; the other vacancies and my post were filled up by young men of quality, who in time may probably become excellent Officers; but whose youth and inexperience, I may boldly assert, gave them no right

right to command or ſuperſede a ſoldier like myſelf."

"But, Geſki, a plea they could not poſſibly have for refuſing you a penſion. Why did you not make your way to the throne, expoſe before our King your ſcar-covered breaſt and your grey hairs? Go inſtantly and relate to him the ſervices you have done to your country; the whole army, if neceſſary, will bear teſtimony to the truth of what you aſſert."

"At the time of my leaving the army, my dear Morando, that was my idea. I ſuppoſed the Monarch eaſy of acceſs to all his ſubjects, and purpoſed demanding from him a reaſon

reaſon for the injuſtice I ſuffered. But how cruel was my diſappointment! how little was I acquainted with the intrigues of a Court! a ſet of upſtarts in livery ſtoped me in the firſt chamber, and meanly rediculed the dreſs and appearance of a man, whoſe age and profeſſion challenge their reſpect. I was leaving this venal place, when an old acquaintance, a fellow ſoldier, eſpied me. To him I related my diſtreſs and circumſtances."—"Is that all, (replied he) give me your company, and I will put you in a way to obtain what you want; but there are ſome trifles to which you muſt ſubmit." I requeſted what trifles he alluded

alluded to. "I muſt firſt (continued he) introduce you to the Miſtreſs of the Second Clerk of the Penſion Liſt. It will be neceſſary, if you pleaſe, to conform in every reſpect to her caprice, and regularly to attend her levee every morning.—Conſider if this will be agreeable to you." "What a debaſement for a ſoldier of my years! Should I thus degrade myſelf? Should I in one moment ſtain every honeſt action of my life? No, my dear Morando, the comforts of life are not yet ſo dear as to induce me to ſacrifice a becoming pride in obtaining them. Should miſery and misfortune ſhorten my days, I ſhall die at leaſt

without a bluſh, and ſuch as I have lived."

— "How well do theſe noble ſentiments ſpeak your greatneſs of ſoul! but allow me, intrepid Geſki, to make an offer to you. I enjoy a very comfortable livelihood: you are well acquainted with the diſpoſition of my wife from whom I derive it: make us happy, by honoring our abode with your reſidence —may our country bluſh no more to behold her generous defender demand the reward ſhe ought to caſt at his feet. Come and await in the boſom of innocence and peace, the lot of the juſt man and the reward of your virtues. I have a ſon, Geſki;

Geſki; to you will I entruſt his education. Formed by your inſtructions, ſtimulated by your example, may he one day become the ſupport and comfort of my age: make him in a word a good citizen, and thus revenge yourſelf for your country's neglect."

The reſpectable Veteran ſcarce ſuffered Morando to finiſh theſe words, when, with a look expreſſive of gratitude, and the frankneſs of a ſoldier, he held out his hand and ſaid: *give me your's my friend. Your offers are accepted, and what my pride would never have allowed me to grant any other, to your goodneſs of heart I cannot refuſe.*

Immediately afterwards they roſe, left the table, and having diſcharged their reckoning, departed highly pleaſed with each other.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A ſoliloquy *.

NOT a word of the above converſation eſcaped the notice of our diſgraced Hero. The virtues, misfortunes and firmneſs of Geſki rouſed his ancient philoſophy, ſtifled indeed for a time, but not extinguiſhed by the corrupt manners of a Court. To this, ſaid he, I can indeed make no reply: we here ſee a man, who,

* The Author in this Chapter endeavours to imitate the diſorderly manner in which ideas crowd upon our imagination.

though worthy of every comfort fortune can beſtow, is nevertheleſs become the object of her moſt bitter malice — but with reſpect to myſelf, what right have I to complain? what benefit has the State received from me? I have cured a dog—and behold me at the head of all the forces of Cathai. You may tell me that the reward is ill-proportioned to the deſert—allowed—but I have taken the City of Capra; I have been victorious in a great battle; I have preſerved the State; I have ——Harlequin, now tell me ſeriouſly, my friend, in any ſingle circumſtance whatever have you in the leaſt contributed to the ſucceſs

of

of theſe exploits? — Confeſs the truth—was not every great action the performance of your ſoldiers alone?—All the Cathaiſians, it is true, gave you the credit; but recollect how you employed yourſelf during theſe tremendous moments, and you will ſoon know, whether or not that credit was your due. At the ſtorming of the City of Capra, were you not ſtationed on a mountain, at leaſt three parts of a league from the town—it cannot be denied—but whoſe humanity ſaved the inhabitants of that city from the violence of the ſoldiery? Perhaps there the anſwer may be favorable.—Certainly — thus even now virtue brings

brings its own reward. — How wretched would your preſent ſituation have been, had you left them a prey to pillage and murder? And ſtill do you complain! — Unhappineſs alone is your lot.—Well, then, in that caſe you would have experienced both miſery and guilt—true—this idea brings comfort to my mind. But why do I call myſelf unhappy; for where can we find unhappineſs unattended by guilt?——With reſpect to the battle, what became of you then? -Oh! let us drop the ſubject—I was hidden among the reeds. —— Good God! how great were my fears in that curſed place! how

— how often did I there envy my preſent ſituation!—and you yet complain!—No, no, Harlequin, act not ſo abſurdly——But the large wound from a broad ſword which ſtill ſo diſfigures my perſon, declares at all events my courage in receiving it. Wonderful courage to be ſure, proved by crying out in a moſt lamentable tone, and falling to the ground more dead than alive!—Juſtice demands from all this the concluſion to be—that I am a bad General; a coward incapable of commanding ſo many brave ſoldiers —But ſome good I have done—I have preſerved from death more than ſix thouſand of my fellow-creatures

creatures—I have acted right—I am poſſeſſed of humanity—and that one quality will well excuſe the want of others.—As for your diſgrace you have no reaſon to complain.—— Your cure of a *dog* raiſed you to the rank of Generaliſſimo from nothing; and to nothing you return for having refuſed to undertake the cure of a *cat*—what more equitable? But do you really fancy yourſelf a loſer by your diſgrace—conſult your heart: did quiet and happineſs ever endear the hours of your dazzling grandeur?—With cares on your brow, fear in your heart, ever on the watch, neceſſitated to belie your thoughts by your countenance;

to

to approve what you held in deteſtation: you exiſted not for yourſelf but for others. To that uneaſy ſituation, that tyrannical grandeur, compare thoſe delightful and often enjoyed hours, ſpent with thy friends at the tavern, over a bottle, in mirth and lively chat; or newſpaper in hand gravely diſcuſing the affairs of the nation.

Ah, my friend, what a difference! Yes, I ought to conſider my diſgrace as a boon from Heaven, which in replacing me in the ſituation I was intended for, enables me once more to reliſh the mild delight it affords,----But come----away from hence---and to our houſe with-

without delay. Farewel, ambition. Oh, how happy will the ſight of me make my wife and friends !----what pleaſure ſhall I feel in giving them an account of my adventures !---- but certain circumſtances muſt be ſuppreſſed, for reaſons beſt known to myſelf ---- doubtleſs----it would be abſurd to act otherwiſe----what deference they will pay me ! with what attention they will catch every word I ſpeak ! ---- methinks I ſee them—but away immediately. Harlequin then roſe, payed his reckoning, left the tavern, and calling at a brokers, bought a beggarly coat; this he put on, with as much pleaſure as had it been the royal gown,

and

and took the direct road to his houſe. A ſudden thought however delayed him. Softly (ſaid he) I am about to viſit my family, without having duly prepared myſelf for the meeting.----Would it not be better firſt to run over in my mind thoſe exploits moſt proper to be related, in order to know where to ſtop, and when to ſuppreſs any circumſtance that may offend the Majeſty of my ſubject; ſuch as the adventure of the trenches, the mountain and teleſcope, thoſe curſed reeds and confounded Bambouian grenadiers concealed behind a buſh — all uſeleſs topics—beſides, we muſt do as the world does—right—well argued—

O let

let us take a walk in the *Volmera*; and thanks to our fertile imagination we ſhall there diſpoſe our ſtory to the beſt advantage.

Harlequin having at length concluded this ſublime ſoliloquy, took the road to that public walk, and probably would have ſtayed there the reſt of the day, fabricating his romance, had not his appetite hinted that it was dinner time. The diſcarded General ever obedient to ſo weighty a call, made the beſt of his way to his houſe about two o'clock at noon; and not a ſingle creature of thoſe who the day before had almoſt devoured him with their eager looks,

now

now took the leaſt notice of his perſon. — *So much do honors, pompous titles, a triumphal car, a ſplendid dreſs, alter the Man!*

CHAP. XXVII.

Things muſt come to this paſs.

THE Conqueror of the Bambouians finding the door of his houſe open, paſſed through the ſhop, and without delay entered the room behind it; walked up to his faithful Eſpouſe, and giving her a gentle tap upon her ſhoulder, with a ſmiling countenance wiſhed her a good day. The good Lady turning round recogniſed her fugitive huſband, and exclaimed: Ah, Harlequin, is it you? Where the duce do you come from? How ſtrange he looks! What has

has happened to you, my dear? What luck? Do you bring us any thing to mend houſe-keeping? Sure, you underſtand me.—As for money, wife, I have none; but in lieu of it I bring a good ſtock of Philoſophy. —Pray ſhew me ſome, I have never ſeen any. Do they ſell it very, very dear? But I muſt kiſs you: Good God! what is the matter with his face! Heavens, what a ſcar! You have been drinking ſome where or other, and they have cut your face with a bottle. See what it is to get drunk. — Silence, wife, you know nothing of the matter: theſe are honorable marks.—Yes, truly, they look very handſome. At laſt however

you are come. Poor dear man tell me then what has happened to you.—That would require too much time: be contented when I tell you, that I have been Generaliſſimo of all the forces of the kingdom of Cathai.—I don't underſtand you.—I'll explain myſelf better by and by. But bring me ſomething to eat.—Poor fellow! Here (ſaid ſhe throwing upon the table a quarter of a loaf) eat.——Harlequin took the bread, examined it, turned it every way and replied: But, my dear, this will make but a dry meal.—Oh, I underſtand ye: here is ſomething to moiſten it.—Right—but you give me nothing but water.—A hard caſe,

caſe, truly! Have you not earned a great deal to drink wine? Hark ye: take your tools, work, do your day's buſineſs, and we'll ſend this evening for your neighbour Jack and couſin Margaret; then you may tell us your adventures over a pint of wine.—Zounds! now you talk reaſon, you carry perſuaſion with you in every thing—Come then, let us work, ſince it muſt be ſo, in expectation of the evening. Ah! how comfortable a bleſſing is hope.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

They who talk are ſeldom they who act.

WHILST Harlequin, having now bid adieu to ambition, paſſed his days in peace and happineſs with his family, every ſubject in Cathai aſtoniſhed at his diſgrace, felt himſelf at a loſs how to account for it. Each argued as his fancy led him, or followed the opinion of the papers. The Prince of Harlequino was the topic of every converſation, whether private or public; home or abroad. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the inundation of words cauſed by this

this event. The opinion entertained of his military talents; the ſervices his country had received from him; his behaviour during the time of his preferment; the unheard-of honors paid him; his diſgrace yet more aſtoniſhing; his ſudden diſappearance; the myſterious ſilence affected by the Court—A mine how productive of malice and miſrepreſentation! What an opportunity for accuſing the Monarch of ingratitude! to nouriſh ſuch converſation is it poſſible a better ſubject could have been ſtarted? And in truth, the babling Cathaiſians took care to make the moſt of it: they wreſted it to every conſtruc-

tion;

tion; they exhibited it in every point of view. Scarce a blockhead, but to gain credit for his penetration, affected to be acquainted with the real cauſe of his diſgrace. Matter at length became exhauſted; but the ſubject was by no means dropt: they began anew: what had been repeated a hundred times was now again repeated, and the rage of ſpeaking was not yet ſubdued; on the contrary, *vires acquirit eundo.* When on a ſudden, converſation took a different turn; and an adventure that happened to a particular actreſs exiled the diſgrace of Harlequin among the records of antiquity. But the more tenacious

dif-

diſpoſition of the provincial inhabitants did not ſo eaſily quit the prey. The Conqueror of the Bambouians was ſtill the topic of converſation in the country, whilſt the intrigueing adventure of the Comedian was laughed at in the city of Cekaï.—Happy people! whoſe tongue ever in motion, delights in repeating epigrams and ſinging lampoons; who contented with this privilege, diſdain what other nations either envy or poſſeſs; and who will wait to cry out againſt tyranny till ſhe *command* your ſilence*.

The

* The Author here ſeems to have an eye to the French nation; and it is probable from

The city of Capra, however, with heart-felt gratitude for the humane and generous conduct of this great Man towards them, deputed four perſons of conſequence to make enquiry with the utmoſt diligence, in order to diſcover the place of his retreat; with an injunction not to return to the city till they had procured ſome certain intelligence concerning him, of whatever nature it might be.

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from the above paſſage, that the Firſt Edition of this Book made its appearance previous to the late Revolution in France. T.

CHAP. XXX.

Seek and you ſhall find.

THESE Gentlemen made the beſt of their way to the metropolis, and after much enquiry, learned from one of the degraded Hero's friends the place of his retreat, his property and employment. The Deputies, though ſurpriſed to hear that they were indebted to a *Cobler* for the preſervation of their property and lives, nevertheleſs had the nobleneſs of ſoul not to feel ſhame in preſenting to the admiration and gratitude of their fellow-citizens, a man, the

very meanneſs of whoſe ſituation gave additional luſtre to his character.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

A moſt extraordinary Scene.

ONE cold Winter's evening, Harlequin ſeated by the ſide of a chearful fire, gave his friends the hiſtory of the dazling part he had performed. Never did orator ſpeak more fluently. His eloquence received freſh animation from the attention paid to him, whilſt his aſtoniſhed hearers with ſtaring eyes, and gaping mouths, knew not what credit to give to ſo many wonders.

The orator was in the very zenith of his glory. He had already deſcribed the famous battle of Capra,

and was now repreſenting in the moſt lively colours the eclat of his triumph, when four unknown perſons, who from their appearance, ſeemed men of rank, one after the other entered the room, and in a grave and reſpectful manner walked up to the diſgraced Hero, who, aſtoniſhed as well as the reſt of the company, was at a loſs what conjecture to form of this ſingular apparition.

A moment of ſilence enſued, when one of theſe Gentlemen addreſſing himſelf to the Prince of Harlequins, ſpoke as follows:

MY LORD,

" The citizens of Capra ſenſibly affected by the diſgrace which your Highneſs has experienced, has deputed us to uſe the utmoſt of our endeavours in meliorating that misfortune.

" Your Highneſs, no ſtranger to actions of heroiſm, and to virtues which do honor to humanity, may perhaps not immediately recollect that generous diſpoſition, that greatneſs of ſoul ſo conſpicuous in the preſervation of our unfortunate city from the plunder and rage of the conquerors; but we — we ſhould feel ourſelves the moſt deſpicable of mankind, could ſuch a beneficent

action but for a moment escape our memory.

" Permit us, therefore, as a proof of our gratitude and acknowledgment, to beg your Highness would condescend to make choice of an asylum in our city, where every thing desirable to a rational man may be found--a pure and healthy air, honorable ease, grateful and virtuous citizens.

" His Majesty doubtless is of too noble a disposition, to oppose the effusion of our gratitude; and this veneration which we shall pay to the defender of the throne, will demonstrate in what estimation we hold that throne and the person who fills

fills it. We wait therefore for your deciſion. My Lord, Suffer us to hope, that it will be favorable, and that your Highneſs will condeſcend to fix your reſidence in a city gained by your proweſs, preſerved by your humanity, and where every thing will re-call to your mind the virtuous action of which you are the Author."

The orator here waited for his Highneſs's anſwer, who ſince his diſgrace was become a Philoſopher; as the following ſpeech delivered with much gravity and deliberation, will clearly demonſtrate.

Gentlemen, It is highly flattering when men, on whom obligations have

have been confered, re-pay them by ſo noble an acknowledgment. But in this inſtance, Gentlemen, give me leave to refuſe your generous propoſals; you are witneſſes to my condition. To fulfil it was I created; and as an honeſt man have I fulfiled it. Ambition for a time deprived me of the comforts that are wedded to my preſent ſtate; but the diſgrace that befel me, has expeled ambition from my mind, and with the ſimplicity of my former condition, I have again found that happineſs to which I had long been a ſtranger; and that philoſophy which teaches me more and more to preſerve it. For theſe reaſons, Gentlemen,

tlemen, allow me to refuſe your kind offers.——" My friend, you are mad, (cried his impatient wife) Gentlemen, don't mind him; he is out of his ſenſes. What the duce! refuſe a good table that will not coſt us a farthing; a fine houſe without paying rent; and perhaps a good annuity *for life* into the bargain! it is madneſs indeed! If roaſted larks fall of themſelves into our mouths, it is but to——Silence, good woman, you know not what you are ſo deſirous of (gravely interrupted the Philoſopher)—A fig for your ſilence. Gentlemen, don't trouble yourſelves about him. Go on if you pleaſe; I ſhall ſoon bring him

him to reaſon. Between ourſelves I have him in leading-ſtrings; and ſo, Gentlemen, I aſk but one ſhort hour to pack up our things, and then we ſhall be ready.

My Lord, ſaid one of the Deputies, let us prevail upon you to condeſcend to your Lady's and our requeſt: let our city have the honor of your reſidence. As for the expences of the journey, you need not be uneaſy. Here is a purſe (added he, at the ſame time laying it full of money upon the table) intended for the purpoſe. Should the ſum contained in it prove inſufficient, your Highneſs has but to let us know, and we ſhall immediately make an addition to it.

Ah, what brave Gentlemen are theſe! (cried the tender ſpouſe of the General, clapping her hands for joy) Come, my friend, come and aſſiſt me to pack up. Move, can't you, you heavy log. Does not this money give you *no* pleaſure; ſay? At the ſame time ſhe ſhook the purſe cloſe to Harlequin's ear, which harmonious ſound imperceptibly lulled to ſleep his philoſopy, as the ſweet notes from the harp of the ſon of Jeſſe ſoothed the violent tranſports of the fierce King of Iſrael.

Thus the Prince of Harlequino preſſed on all ſides by the Deputies, his friends and wife, ſuddenly riſing, ſaid: Well, Gentlemen, ſince you abſo-

abſolutely require it, I give you my conſent; I will attend you to your city, but upon this condition; that if I do not there find happineſs, I— we promiſe it you, cried the Deputies. *I* promiſe it you, cried his wife in raptures, and kiſſing him with great good humour; do but come with us and you ſhall ſee.

Soon after, the Deputies pleaſed with the ſucceſs of their journey, took leave of the company in order to make the greater expedition for their departure, and left the philoſophical Hero to enjoy the careſſes of his beloved ſpouſe, and the congratulations of his friends.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Thus endeth my Hiſtory.

HAVING carefully deſcribed the famous battle, in the toil of which Harlequin had *no* ſhare; having pointed the pomp and eclat of a triumph which he ſo *little* merited; it doubtleſs appears much more incumbent on me, to repreſent the glorious reception given to him by the citizens of Capra: ſince he was the *ſole* author of that humane action which gave birth to their gratitude: ſince I eſteem a ſenſible and humane Man a ſuperior character to any conqueror on earth: and

ſince the opinion I entertain of my reader is, that he will feel a more lively intereſt in peruſing the modeſt and affecting deſcription of ſenſible and grateful citizens, without order running in crowds to meet the man, whom they dignify with the title of their Deliverer, than in the repreſentation of a ſplendid train, a numerous troop of ſoldiers, horſemen richly dreſſed, with their variegated colours parading round a triumphal car, a refulgant throne, a lifeleſs Monarch, and an intoxicated and fooliſh mob, who with eyes rivetted on a General cloyed as it were with glory and honors, admire the *Conqueror*, but forget the *Man*.

By

By no means however would I have it hence infered, that the Magiſtrates of Capra neglected any of thoſe grand preparations to welcome our Hero, which are as flattering to the pride of thoſe who make them, as to the perſonage for whom they are made. But, whilſt every inventive faculty of an ingenious nation was upon the ſtretch for this purpoſe; whilſt they were diſplaying all the wealth ariſing to a conſiderable city, from an extenſive and well-conducted trade; whilſt actors were rehearſing their parts, and muſicians their ſymphonies, upon a ſtage richly decorated; whilſt in the grand ſquare warriors

were going through their manœuvres; whilſt poets were freely bleeding their poetical veins; whilſt the citizens were buſy in ſetting off their houſes to the beſt advantage; whilſt each perſon was endeavouring to give a ſpecimen of his taſte by the extravagance of his conceit—

On a ſudden, a horſeman arrives on full gallop, divides the crowd, and reaching the public ſquare, exclaims: *He comes, he comes, I have ſeen him, his wife and the deputies. He is ſcarce a league diſtant.*—In an inſtant nothing was heard but exclamations of, he comes — we ſhall ſee him. Long live the Prince of Harlequino. Let us make haſte, we ſhall be the firſt to meet him.

Rabble, Magiſtrates, Nobility, Actors, Mechanics, Poets, Women, Muſicians, Children, forgetting the parts allotted to each, all immediately ran to meet our Hero with the greateſt expedition. The triumphal arches, the decorations of the theatre were overturned, broken to pieces and trod under foot. The Officers and Soldiers left the field of exerciſe, the colours were torn into a thouſand pieces, and their arms were thrown aſide as an uſeleſs burthen. The city inſtantaneouſly became deſerted, and the plain overflowed with the multitude. All was buſtle: there was no diſtinction, either of rank, wealth or birth.

The only honor, the only glory they thirſted for, was to be the firſt to gain a ſight of the Prince of Harlequino. In a ſhort time his equipage appeared at a diſtance; they exclaimed: *It is he, it is he — we can no longer doubt it—let us haſten.* They quicken their ſpeed, they run, they fly, they arrive—and each recognizes the portrait engraven upon his heart.

Infamous Nero! Sanguinary Monſter! when by the ridiculous ſplendor of a fooliſh triumph, thou thoughteſt to ſoften the horror thyſelf and crimes inſpired in every breaſt, and the hatred which the whole human race avowed againſt thee.

thee. Say wretch, ſtill more vile than the pitiful Senate who had the baſeneſs to deify thy horrid deeds. Say thou, and all thine imitators, if the venal acclamations of mercenaries and ſlaves, the inſipid praiſes of ſervants (I mean Courtiers) bear the leaſt reſemblance, the moſt diſtant affinity to that tender feeling, thoſe tranſports, thoſe repeated, forcible, and ever eloquent expreſſions of joy, with which a rational people pay homage to *virtue*. Worthy Conſort of Sporus thou knoweſt the anſwer too well: once did thy debaſed ſoul however dare to make the experiment, by ſilencing the mercinaries and giving to the people a free

a free voice?—But, wherefore upon this day ſacred to gratitude and virtue, a day when the innocent tranſports of a feeling people raiſe tears in *his* eyes who is the object of their acknowledgment: wherefore, when my pencil is employed in delineating mankind, does the name of a Monſter intrude to tarniſh my picture?—Let us ever leave tyrants to groan in private over the ſucceſs of their crimes; but we who cheriſh virtue, we whom an happy medium in ſociety enables to practice it without a ſtruggle—may we ever contemplate that character, who having enjoyed honors ſufficient to gratify the moſt unbounded ambition:

tion; upon his arrival in a city ſaved by him from fire and ſword: at the moment that his fellow-creatures whom he had preſerved from death, are offering up their vows to Heaven for his happineſs, exclaims with all the energy of ſenſibility: --THIS DAY IS THE MOST BLISSFUL DAY OF MY LIFE.

Happy

Happy they whom a Medium in Society enables to practice VIRTUE without a Struggle!

[MODERN HERO, Chap. xxxi. P. 157.]

O. YOU are then become an Author. You have inconſiderately entered upon a career, the dangers of which you have not perhaps duly weighed.

F. Whatever be my fate, I have nothing no reproach myſelf with. But to what dangers do you allude?

O. What dangers? Admirable queſtion! You make an attempt upon men of the firſt conſequence:

men

men of all others the moſt capable of doing miſchief, and often times the moſt inclined ſo to do: you hold them up to ridicule: you unveil the motives, the ſecret cauſes of their moſt dazling actions: you ſtrip them of their theatrical dreſs, of their tinſel: you pull off their maſk: in a word, you expoſe them in their true colours—*expoſe them in their true colours!* Ah, do you imagine that ſo daring an attempt will meet with pardon, and that you will eſcape their vengeance? Young man! aſk me no more what dangers await an Author; and what is worſe, a ſatirical Author; and what is yet conſiderably more to be dread-

ed,

ed, a ſatyriſt of the great!—had you but given credit to me, you would have purſued a plan altogether different, much leſs dangerous, and perhaps even *profitable*.

F. I underſtand you. In the mean hope of *pecuniary* advantage, I ſhould have added one more to the number of thoſe degraded and venal ſouls; thoſe ſlaves of wealth and power, pliant tools which ſoil the hands of thoſe who employ them; and whoſe deſpicable incenſe ſmoaks but around thoſe gilded idols, the wretched ſubſtance of which, though neceſſary to be concealed from the public eye, yet break forth in ſpite of the varniſh—

or

or I ſhould have pened one of thoſe inſipid and inſignificant novels, thoſe pretty nothings patroniſed by the faſhionable world, which vaniſh with the whim of the day, circulate around the toilets and leave them covered with as fine a gloſs as the faces of the fair readers of ſuch trifles, or the frivolous maxims with which they abound: and to add increaſe to the *profit* of this wonderful performance, I ſhould crown it with a dedicatory Epiſtle to a certain Princeſs, of whom I knew no more than her name and large property, and whoſe praiſes, were they taken in the oppoſite ſenſe, might perhaps prove perfectly juſt.—But ſhould

this expedient fail, to bring about a quick ſale, and conſequently to anſwer my ſchemes of *profit*, I ſhould dip my guilty pen in the impure ink of obſcenity: I ſhould attempt, by the moſt groſs and diſguſting pictures, to raiſe the libidinous deſires of thoſe weak, emaciated beings, worn out by debauchery, not age; who give no other proof of exiſtence than by putting modeſty to the bluſh, outraging nature, and degrading themſelves below the very brutes. To the ſhame of the nation, this obſcene production might perhaps anſwer my *pecuniary* views; but I ſhould draw upon myſelf, on a certainty, the reproach of

my

my conſcience as well as that of others, and conſequently the unhappineſs of my life.——Another *profitable* expedient may alſo be noticed (for, I aſſure you, in this fertile age they are by no means wanting) that of proſtituting my pen to men in power againſt thoſe who are out of office; thus to prove myſelf the Aſs in the Fable of the old Lion. In other words, to abuſe thoſe who have plundered the State, in order to excuſe thoſe who are plundering it; or rather, when lamenting the exhauſted reſources of the nation, to lay to the charge of the diſgraced Miniſters their own thefts and thoſe of their ſucceſſors;

and like a moroſe cur, bark at every paſſenger, and lick the hand only which feeds me—Shall I debaſe myſelf ſo far? No, I will do my duty. No ſcheme, however *profitable*, ſhall ſuborn me. My pen ſhall never become the pen of an hireling. I will not point my ſatyr againſt the lower orders: the law has ſufficient command over them; and beſides, their ſituation is ſo precarious, as rather to demand pity than contempt. But againſt the great unworth of that name: againſt thoſe who turn to abuſe the gifts of fortune, corrupt the nation, and in the midſt of affluence act with greater baſeneſs, commit more

crimes

crimes than the moſt indigent claſs; and who uſe the very means which ſhould ſecure to them the reſpect and love of the people, to rouſe their deteſtation.—Againſt this infamous clan of men I declare eternal war. Had fortune placed me on a throne, they ſhould have ſubmitted to laws, and conſequently to puniſhment; but my humble ſituation only leaves me by taking off their maſk, the privilege of holding them up to ridicule and contempt: this is the only vengeance in my power; and for them I reſerve it entire.

O. Very well, you declaim admirably; but do you imagine that

their hearts inacceſſible to piety and to the tears of the unhappy, whom they have either ruined or ſeduced, will be open to the ſarcaſms of an unknown Author, whoſe *libel*, it is a hundred to one, that they never look into.

F. True, but theſe are not the perſons for whom I write; no, I am intereſted for the welfare of a more deſerving claſs of men, whom I wiſh to render leſs unhappy, by curing of that diſtemper of mind the moſt deſtructive to their repoſe.

O. I do not underſtand you.

F. I will then explain myſelf.—The factitious wants ariſing from a ſuperfluity of bleſſings cauſe the un-

unhappineſs of the rich; the privation of the neceſſary convenience of life the miſery of the poor. The latter feel the cravings of hunger, and are doomed to continual labor; the former addicted to *ennui* endure the misfortunes ever attendant upon ſloth. The cares of ambition haraſs the former; the cares of indigence afflict the latter. The condition of the poor (if beheld through this medium) claims our pity, I confeſs; but I maintain, that the adding of imaginary to real evils renders them doubly unhappy, by means of that falſe compariſon they draw between their ſituation and that of the great: and here lies the

fatal

fatal error of which I wiſh them fully undeceived.

O. Well, I now begin to conceive your drift—proceed.

F. From the compariſon I have drawn of the evils connected with the two States, I have proved the balance nearly equal; but if you carefully weigh the advantages, the reſult will prove much in favor of the poor man. Health, joy, ſtrength, a continued youth, a leſs diſturbed old age, and I might add, halcyon days appear on his ſide. But all theſe invaluable bleſſings are overlooked. He covets the ſplendor, pomp, magnificence and riches of the great. Subject to labor nearly with-

without relaxation, he is taught to look upon idleneſs as the ſovereign good. If but a Nobleman paſs through a ſmall provincial town in an inſtant all is uproar; they flock from every quarter, and preſs around his gaudy equipage. The moſt inſignificant geſture of the noble owner is narrowly watched: the people ſuffer nothing to eſcape their ſcrupulous obſervation. Does he ſmile—his condeſcendence is immediately repaid by the moſt lively acclamations? Does his countenance re-aſſume its wonted gloom?—The mob are inſtantaneouſly ſilenced, and humbly ſuppoſe the ſmiles of the great, an honor to which they have

have no right to pretend. Soon after the equipage diſappears; but the impreſſion left behind remains deeply engraved upon the mind of the poor man. He re-viſits his cottage, his thoughts entirely engroſſed by dreams of ambition. He looks upon his relations and friends, the ſight of whom heretofore gave him the moſt lively pleaſure, not only with indifference, but even with pain.---- A melancholy void takes place in his heart. He no longer taſtes the pleaſures, but in lieu of them doubly feels the pains incident to his condition of life. *Wherefore am I born poor?* (he often exclaims) *What crime have I com-*

I committed to be leſs rich than others? They poſſeſs every thing: I nothing. They have ever to enjoy: I ever to covet. Soon, the place of his birth becomes inſupportable to him: an abſurd wiſh to waſte his fortune perpetually harraſſes him: in ſhort he is no longer himſelf. He leaves his plough or his ſtall, haſtens to the metropolis; enters into the ſervice of a wealthy man; intrigues corrupts his morals; becomes a drunkard, a gameſter, a profligate; is reduced to put in the moſt unlawful and baſe ſchemes in order to defray his expences; is at length found out, purſued, diſgraced; and falls either a ſacrafice to juſtice, or

ſpends

ſpends the remnant of his wretched days in an hoſpital.

O. Very right. I know as well as you the lamentable effects that frequently attend the extravagant deſire of making a fortune; but I am at a loſs to know by what means you purpoſe to effect the cure of the people.

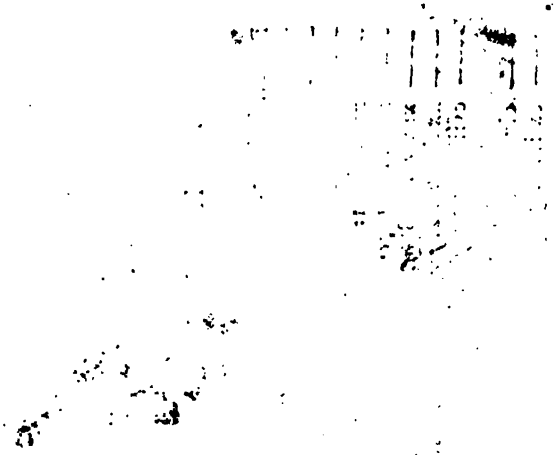
F. After the manner I adopted in my Book. The poor covet the rich man's lot becauſe they view it in a wrong light; to render that lot leſs an object of envy, I have endeavoured to paint it in its trueſt colours: this is the whole of my ſecret. Whether it meet with ſucceſs or not, my intention is good.---I am ſatisfied.

May the poor learn from hence to enjoy their ſituation;—may they underſtand, that truth and innocence of manners are the true riches: and that, provided a deſire of more does not deſtroy the content theſe afford, the wealth of Peru, the diamonds of Golconda ought to be rejected with ſcorn and trampled under foot, ſhould the poſſeſſion of them but damp the enjoyment of ſuch ineſtimable bleſſings.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page iii. *line* 3. *after* time *read* that
—— vii. *line* 16. *after* Phyſician *read* and
—— viii. *line* 1. *after* riſe *put* a full ſtop
—— ix. *line* 5. *for* ſtraits *read* ſtreights
—— xviii. *line* 1. *for* retreated *read* retreats
—— xxiv. *line* 1. *for* affecting *read* effecting
—— xxxiv. *line* 8 *after* indigent *read* man
—— xxxix. *line* 2. *for* his *read* him
—— cviii. *line* 17. *for* triumphant *read* triumphing
—— cix. *line* 17. *for* rolles *read* robes
—— cxii. *line* 5. *after* by *leave out* the moſt



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